



A LONG LETTER SENT POSTAGE DUE FROM
CHIANG MAI!



Emil's **HOBO TOURS**

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DAY TRIP TOURS: CHIANG MAI...

**RECENT YELP REVIEW.*

This was to be my first trip to Chiang Mai and I was curious as to what I would find.

I spent the night before in a seedy little parrot bar with Emil and Seine LaGone listening to them weave tale after tale about a cool, laid backed provincial town with a whisper of cool



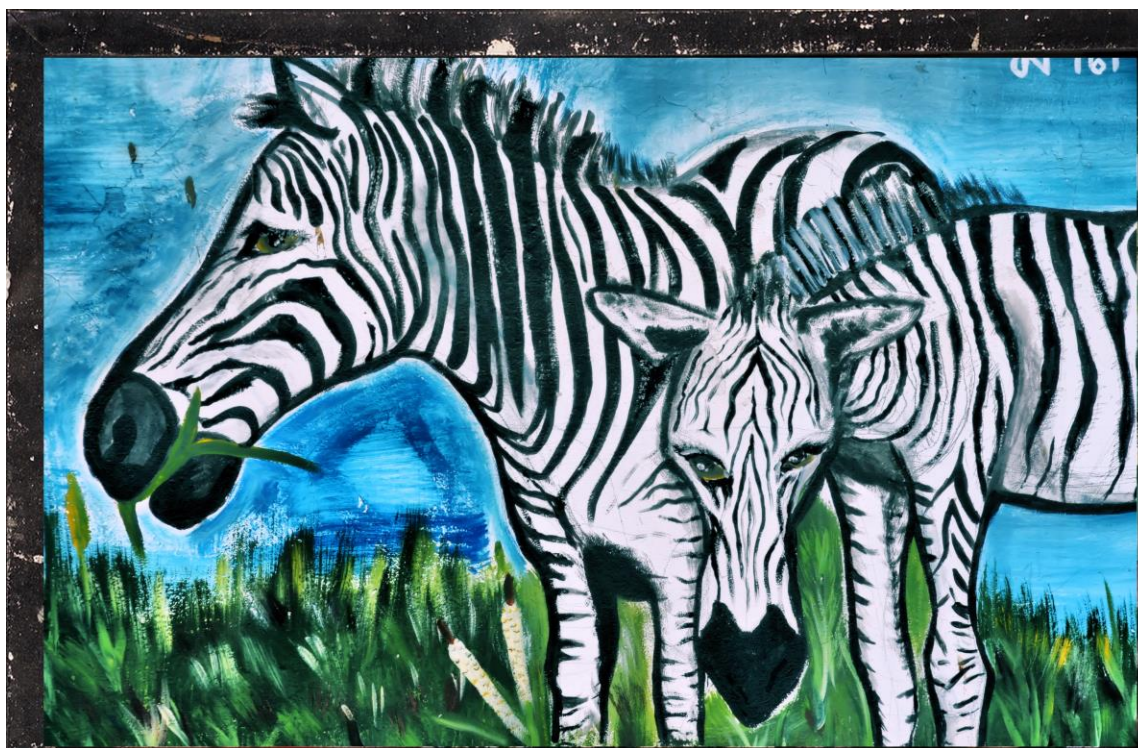


DAY TRIP TOURS: CHIANG MAI...

breeze up on the air due to it being nested in the high teak forests of Northern Thailand - where elephants and tigers still roamed free.

I looked forward to good food, nice people and being able to walk the town in half-an-hour or with the aid of a trusty bicycle, taxi driver...

A guy who could and would get you



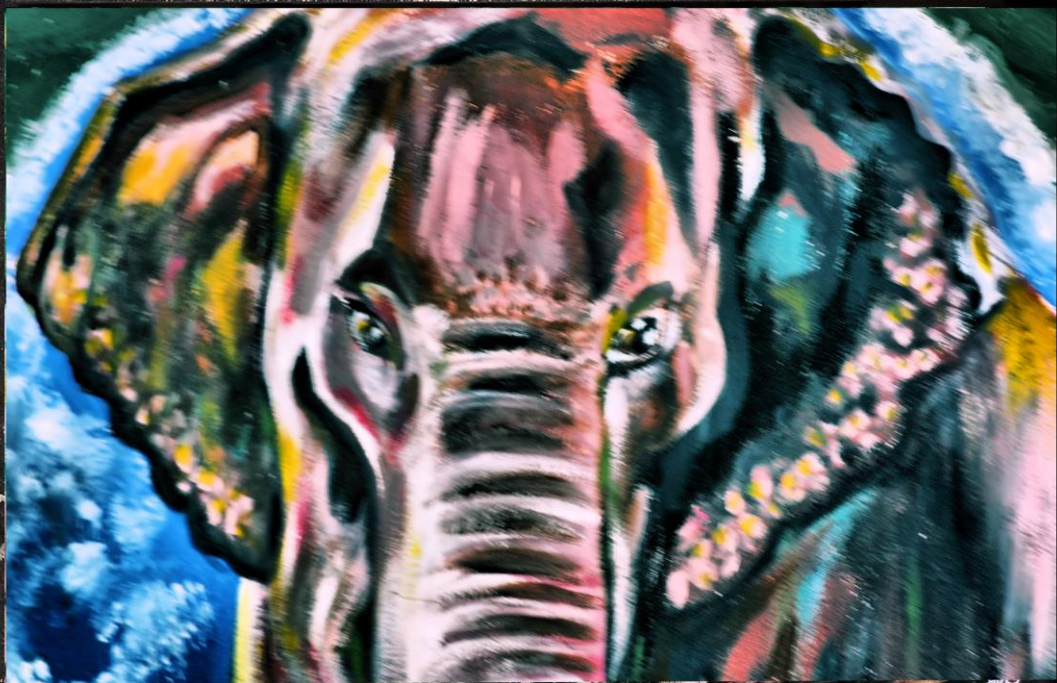


DAY TRIP TOURS: CHIANG MAI...

caught up in the high drama of passion,
politics or crime...which ever was to
your fancy or to your liking.

What they had failed to enlighten me
with was the fact that their stories
came from almost 40 years or more
ago.

This was obvious as our overnight train
steamed into (not really...they are all





DAY TRIP TOURS: CHIANG MAI...

diesel these days) a vast industrial city with pollution and traffic second only to Bangkok.

As I always do...I am well known for my ability to complain...that I was lied to, duped and at best, mislead as to what would be awaiting us upon our arrival. I had even packed a parka upon the prompting of Mr. LaGone.



จิงโจ้แดง
RED KANGAROO





DAY TRIP TOURS: CHIANG MAI...

"STUPID ADVENTURE!!!!"

I cursed at them all.

I further expressed my displeasure with comments about the fact "if I wanted air pollution and traffic...

I could have saved a day trip...!"

At the end of our day tour...I was ashamed...as that first impression was so wrong!



กึ่งเผือก
Albino Common
Barking Deer



ยีราฟ
Giraffe
Giraffa camelopardalis



DAY TRIP TOURS: CHIANG MAI...

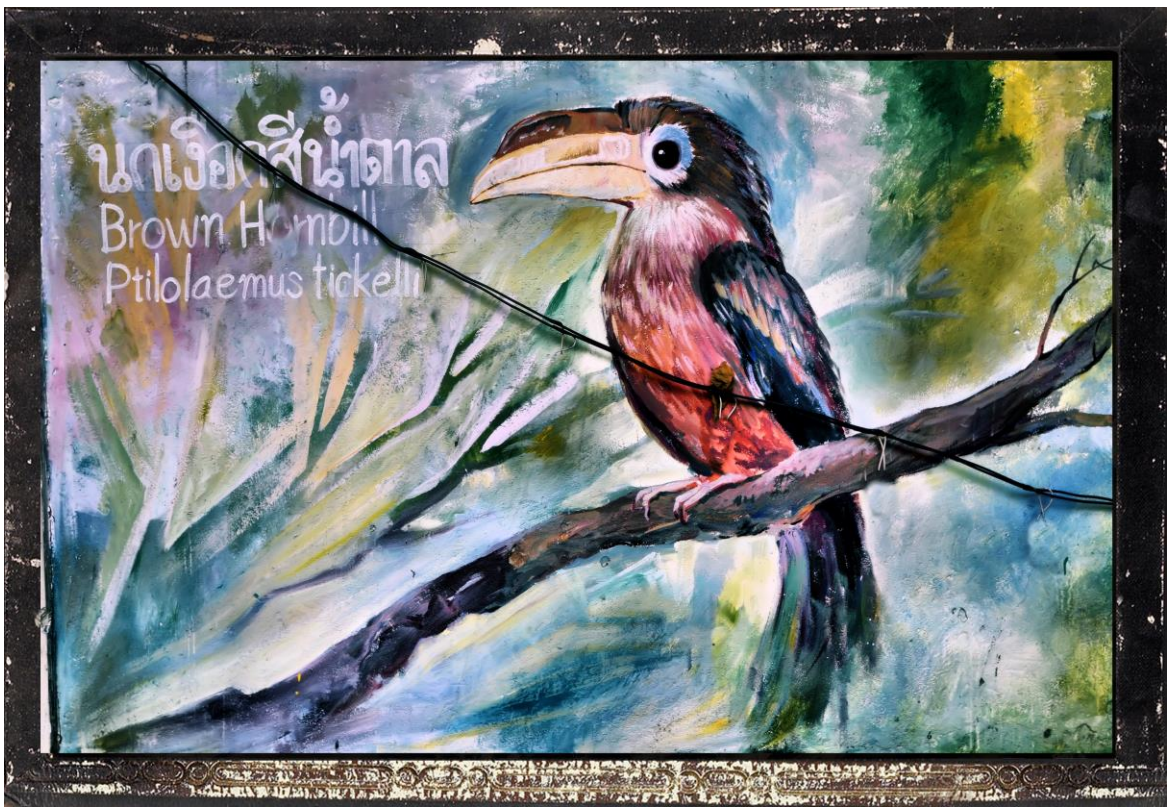
The city that Emil and Seine had talked about was still there in plain sight but, you had to know where to look for it...Emil was a grand tour guide who took us up long forgotten Soi and Alleyway to discover all of the laid back people, great food that all of the grand tales they had so waxed on about the previous night...and, although, I did



นกเงือกหัวแรด
Rhinoceros Hornbill
Buceros rhinoceros
Pinkapond RMUTT.



นกเงือก
Indian Pied Hornbill
Anthracoceros albirostris

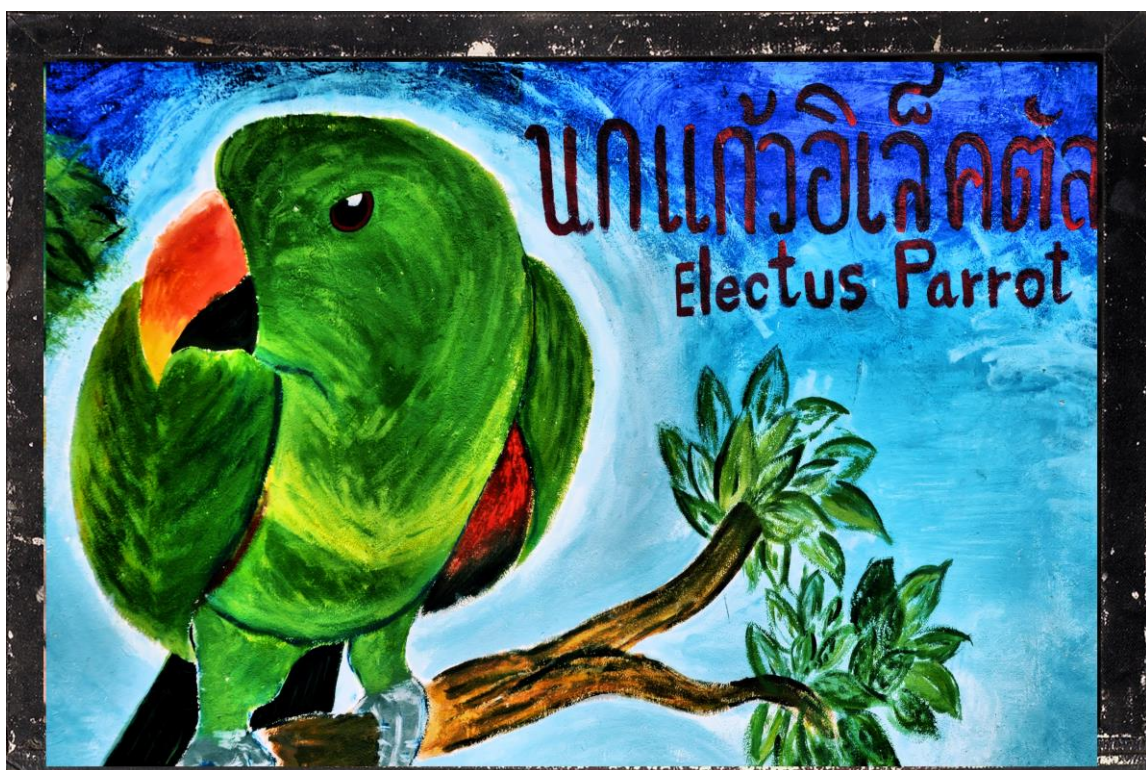


DAY TRIP TOURS: CHIANG MAI...

not see tigers roaming free...

I was told that they were all now
interned in the Famous Chiang Mai
Zoo...living right down the block from
the Panda Bears.

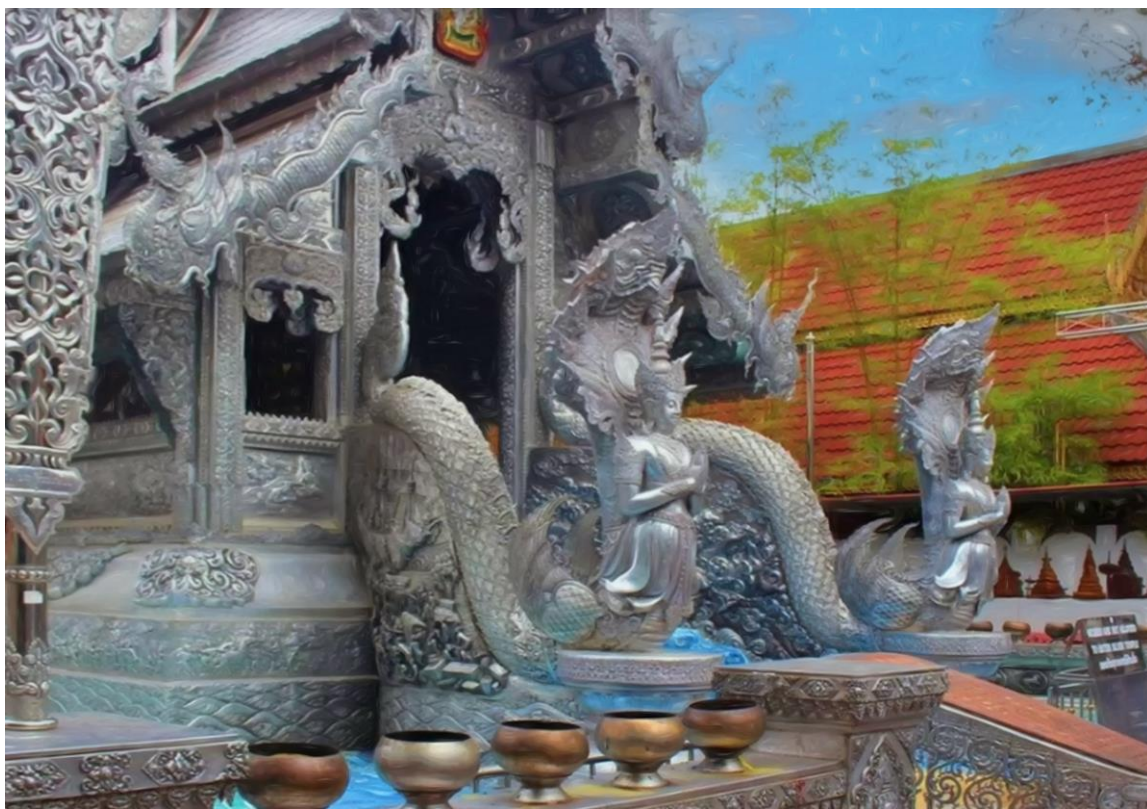
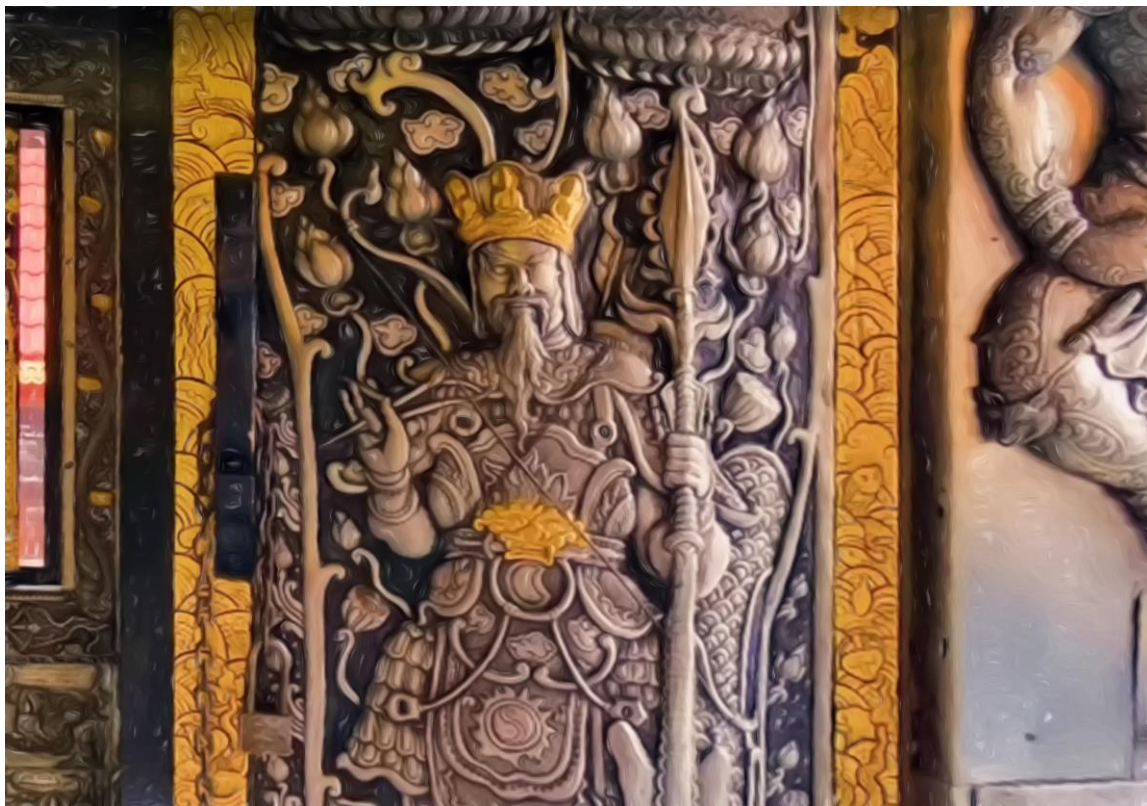
- From a Happy Customer

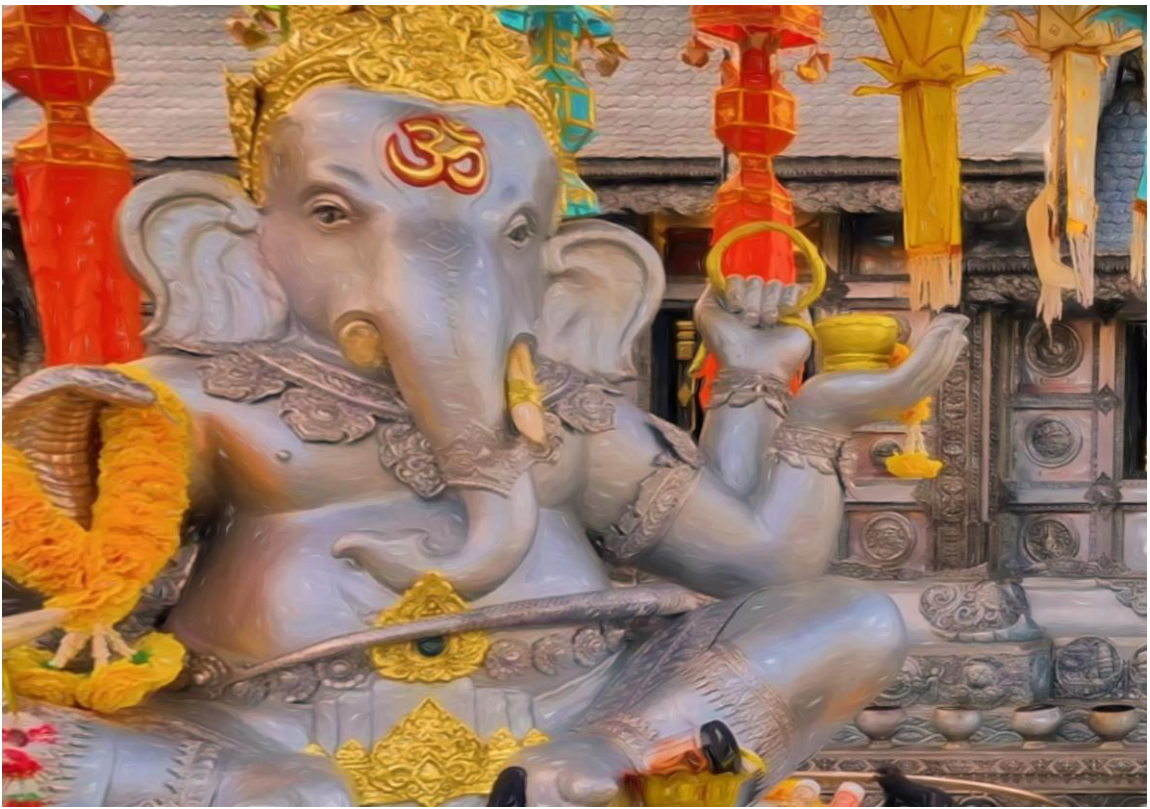


นกแก้วอิเล็กตัส
Electus Parrot



นกเงือกกรามช้าง
Wreathed Hornbill

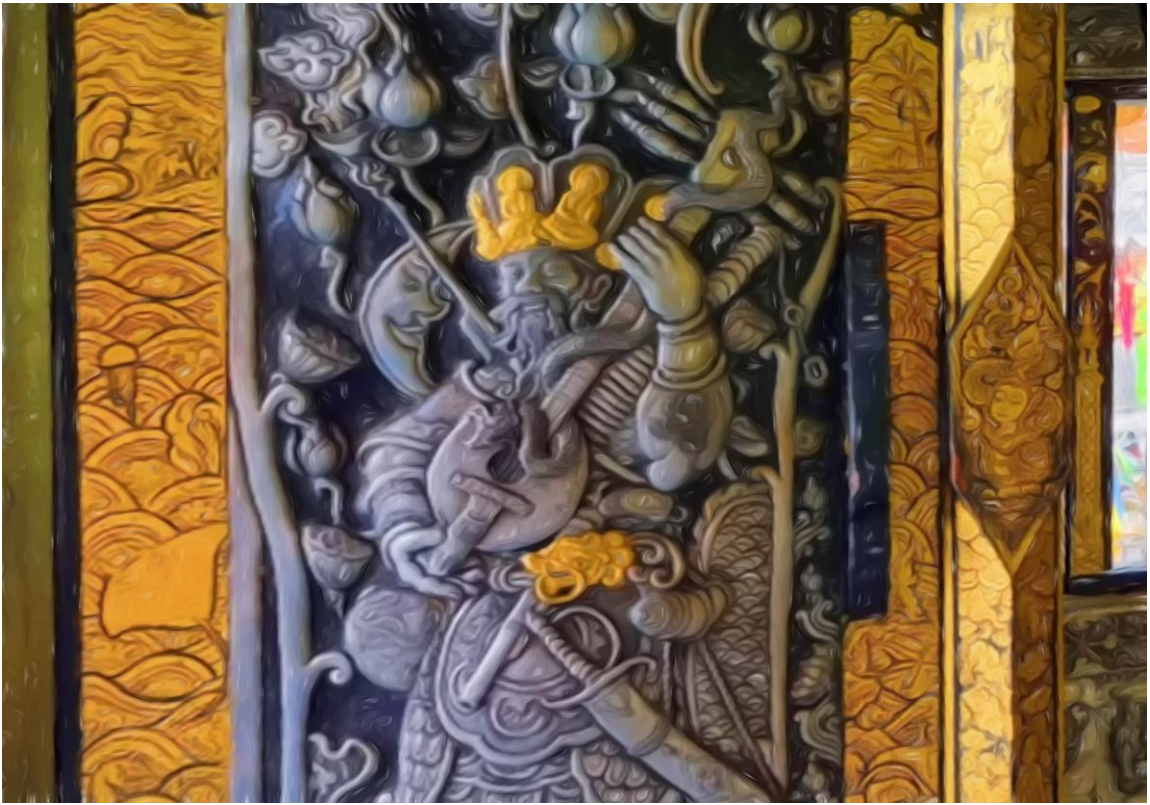




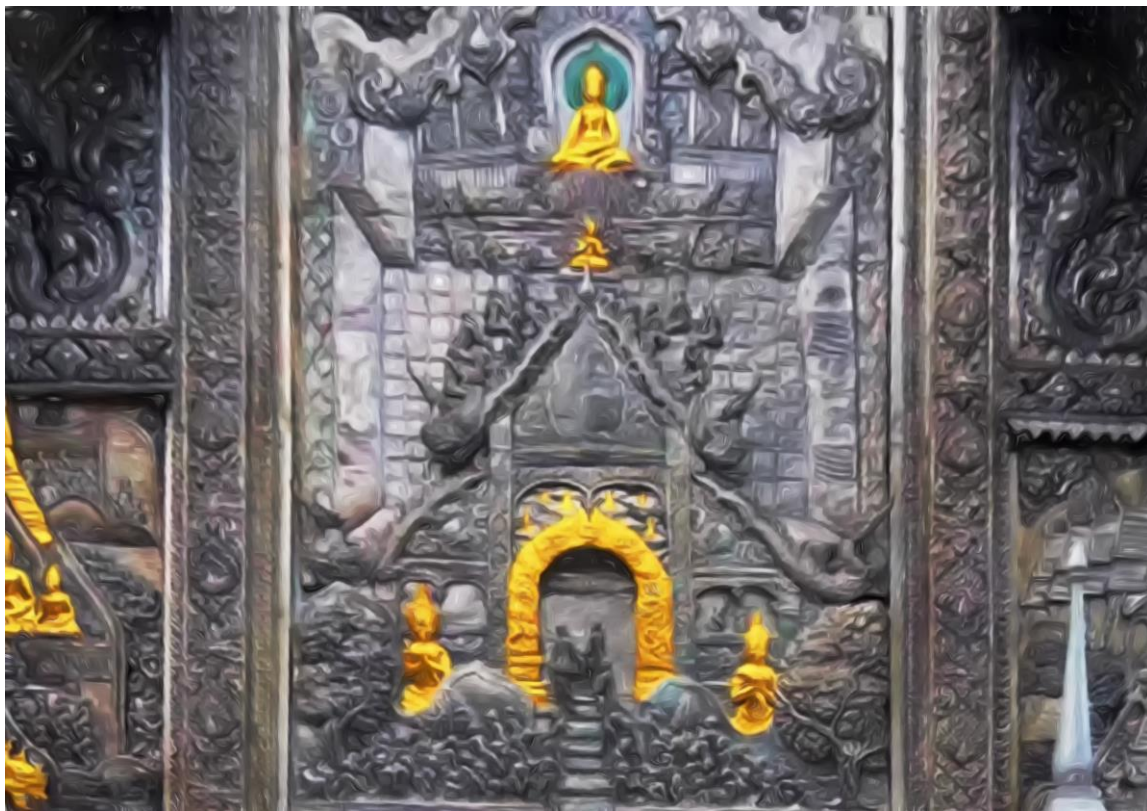
This story starts with "There was once" and as all proper fables it will consist of faded memories, moldy postcards dragged from out of the far hall closet or worse; those who have spent generations at the bottom of a ratty old steamer trunk from the attic.

Much of this tale is still subject to a long string of restraining orders and





still pending civil litigation(s) and I am sure (depending on who is retelling this bold, Hobo Tale) an arrest warrant or two depending upon the current statute of limitations or so I was informed by a worried immigration officer on my last legal attempt to visit the region. It is not like I had actually (knowingly) ran guns for Seine's old





school chum, Colonel Shan...Now, the tanks were another matter as they were technically war surplus that the Japs left behind and (in my opinion) that was more like dealing with antiques - which I have since learned is illegal in these parts. What a world we have fallen into where it seems like everything is outlawed or that it will soon be.





Seeing that I have written extensively regarding the how and whys of our first venue in what was then still called Siam; Seine has personally begged me not to jump back into that entrenched rabbit hole since those books are still available for sale and considering that I am greatly in debt to my economic, corporate slave masters...Seine





argued that I should further embrace the true spirit of capitalism and promote those books currently gathering collective dust in the dollar bin at Family Mart.

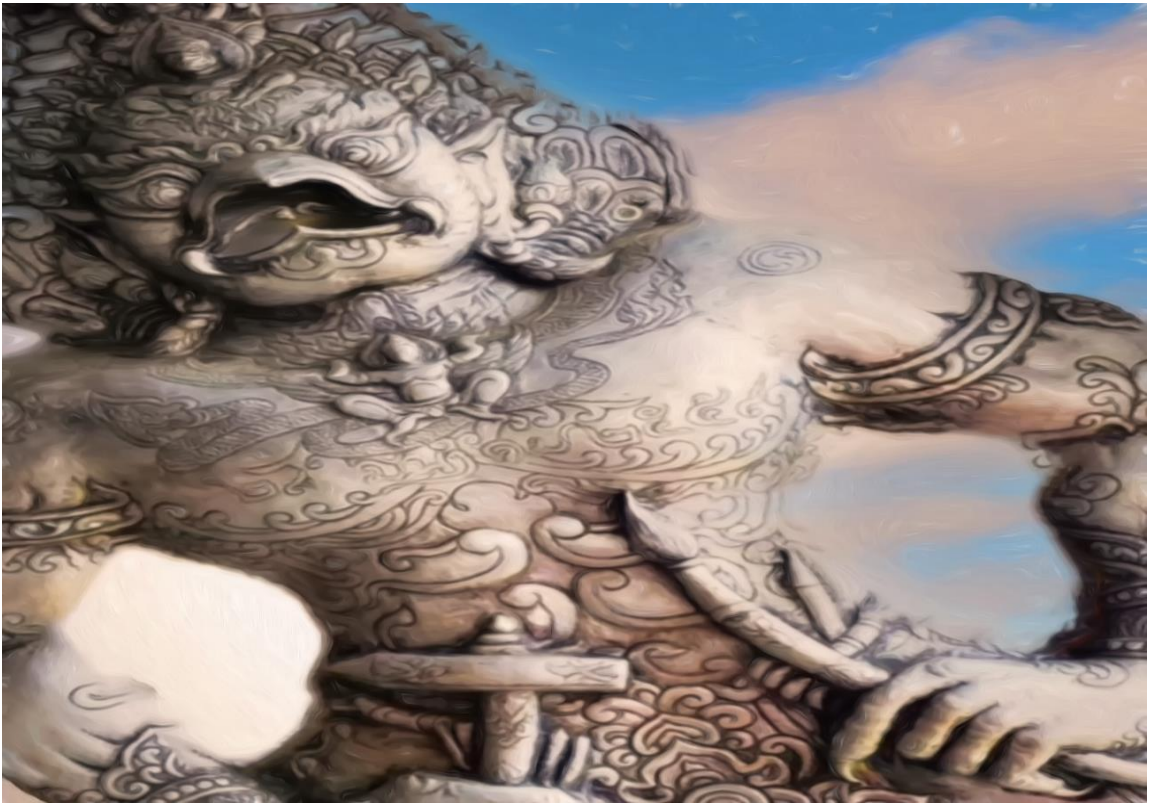
This is the dilemma that I face in my long efforts to fight back against the evil, economic forces who are black heartedly attempting to force me to take the knee to their socialist





accountants - all former accountants for the CCP before they were shackled for being too mean and had to flee Hong Kong on a midnight boat. Given their lack of experience with degenerative western culture, I feel free to invoke the classic, civil servant's practice of "messing up anything that they demand I do so grandly that they will think twice (or





more) about repeating their request
to do that task every again.

Sorry Seine!

That is the way that it is...deep state,
you know...what can I say other than I
learned this from the grandmaster of
this reverse management tool back
when I could have been declared a
cadre of the ugly, underbelly of the
shameless civil service who did as





they pleased due to the fact that they could (almost) never be fired once they got their permanent status. Mister Jack was a seasoned guru master of non-work and while I could never bring myself to emulate his genius techniques it is clear that many (if not the majority) of my minions did embrace them with gusto randomly seen outside the Free Lunch





Buffet Events or under-the-table kickbacks from recruiters or lowball, employers seeking special favors and exemptions to basic labor laws or restrictions (like minimum wage).

As I said, old One-Eye Jack had spent several generations perfecting his talent to actively avoid work and defer the need to actually be held accountable for anything other than





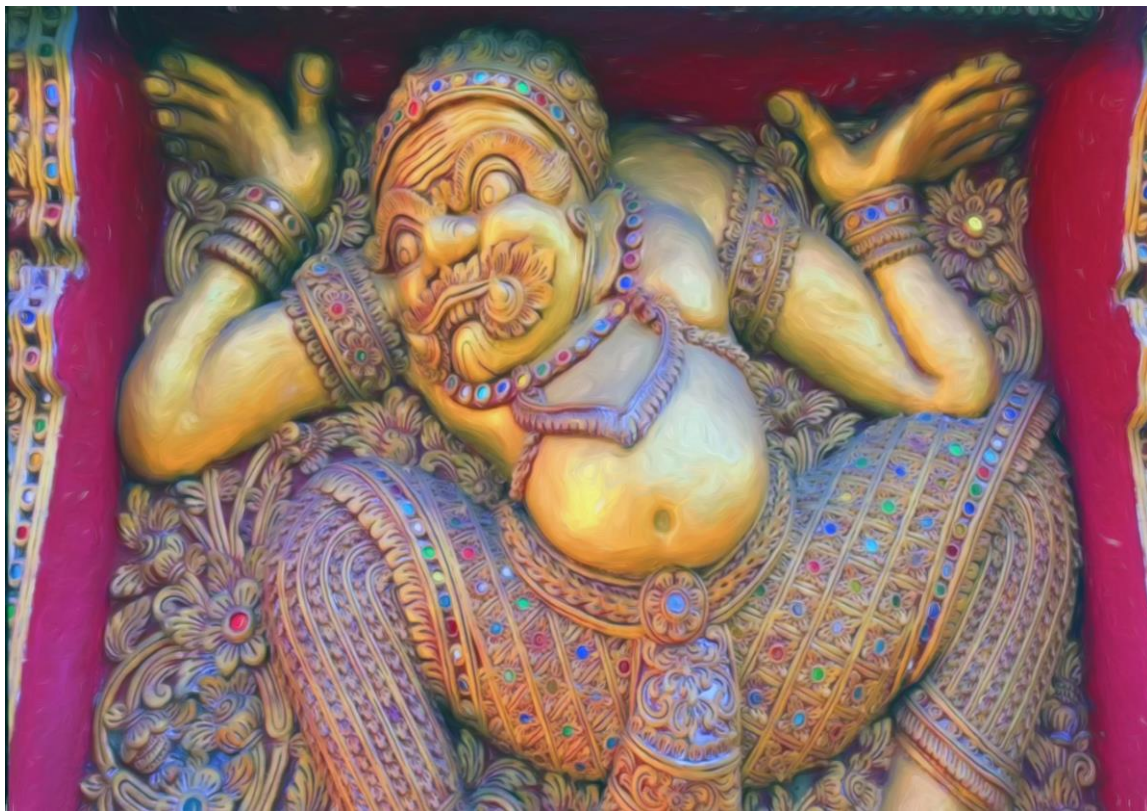
showing up on time and not leaving work early (these were the two unbreakable codes of conduct that senior management proudly maintained and enforced without the slightest mercy).

Jack had a successful side gig as an old-time singing cowboy that actually consumed most of his actual work day as he spent a majority of time in





writing new songs and planning new skits for his upcoming performances. How did he or why was he allowed to do this? Good question! Whenever he was working on planning his next gig, he would put on his headset (needed as he frequently claimed to have a hearing defect although he never supplied a doctor's note for management) and pretend





that he was deep in discussion with an employer about some kind of ongoing recruitment of unemployed workers and as his computer monitor faced away from his workstation's entrance; management never questioned his insistence that he couldn't talk with them as he was on the phone with an employer.

Simple, brilliantly successful and even





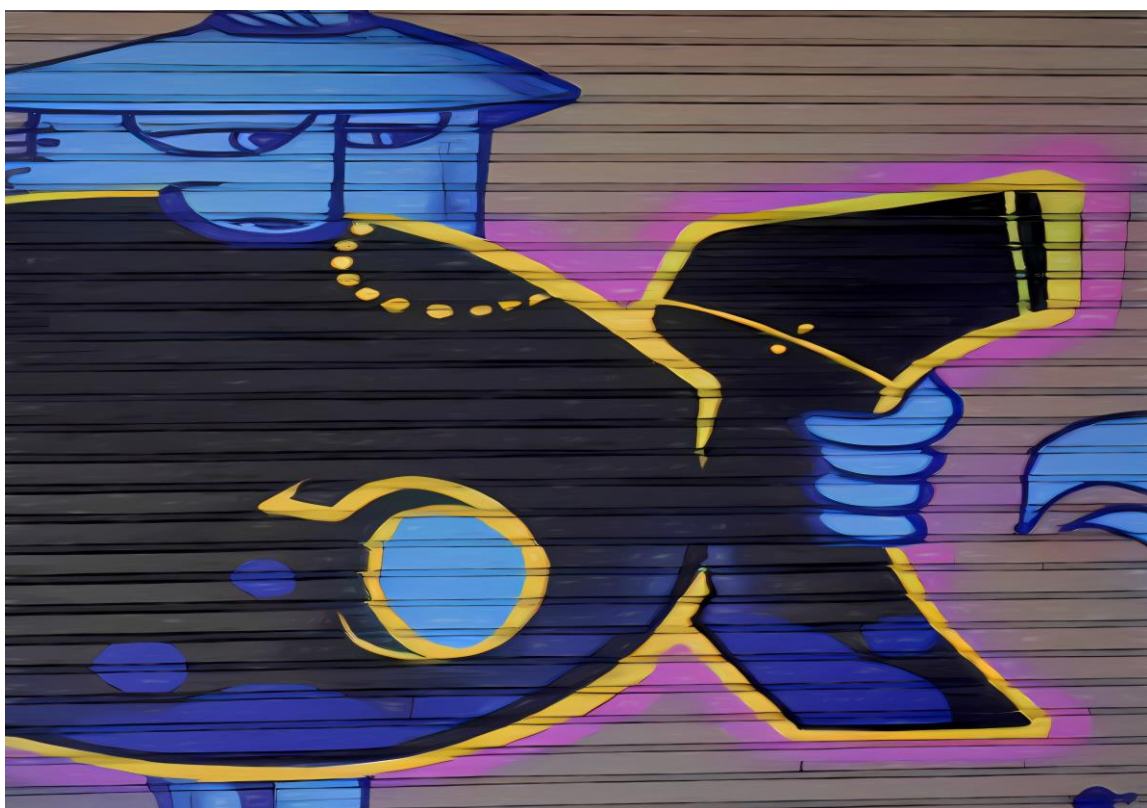
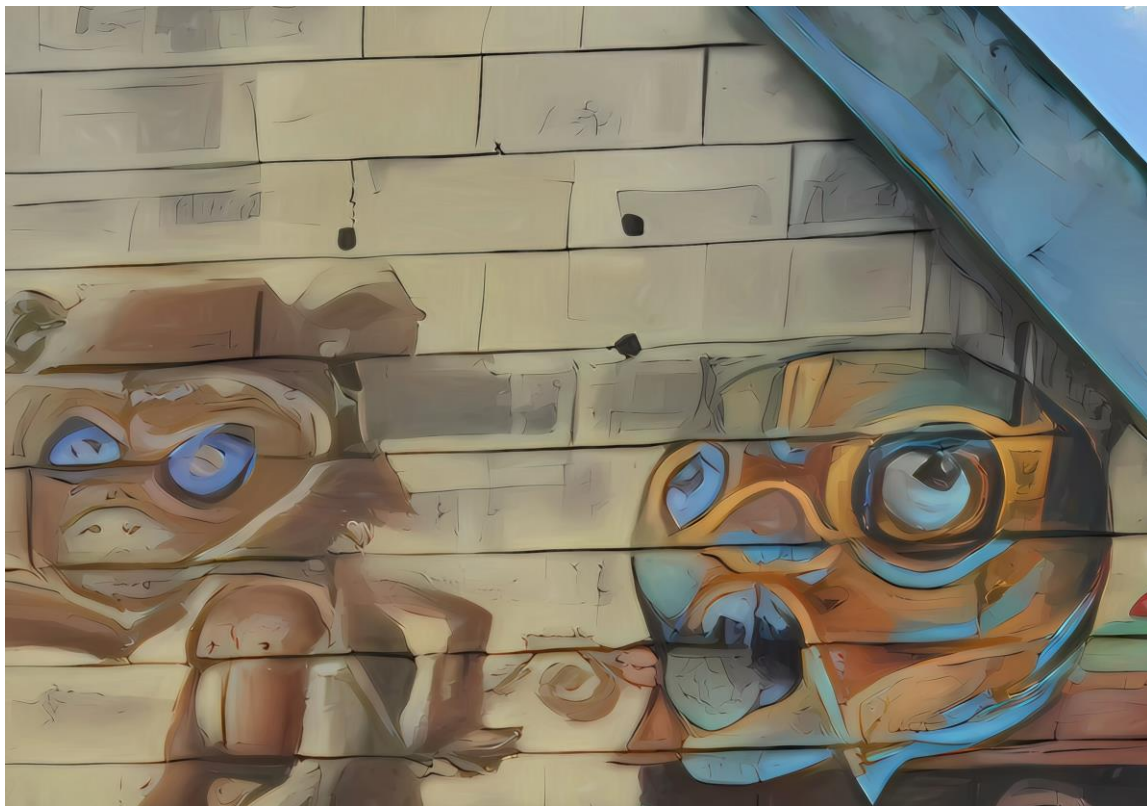
when they questioned his lack of actual job orders that he generated from his four-five hours (daily) on the phone; he would call the HR Department and tell them that he was being harassed due to his age, his sex or his hearing disabilities.

While he was a master, the right Reverend Leroy Pritchett (had a mail; order degree from a rather well-known





diploma mill college in California where you, too, could become a reverend, a PH.D or a whole host of other equally impressive types of administrative degrees for an upfront payment of \$49.95 and a yearly maintenance fee to maintain your college records - the maintenance fees were higher than the actual diploma) literally slept at his desk for





hours (daily) without the slightest hassle or the slightest comment from any of the local management team. That's right slept 4-5 hours per day with a single writeup or complainant. How did he achieve this free pass? The answer is rather simple and he became a master of identity politics long before it was so lovingly embraced by the non-humorist, cadre

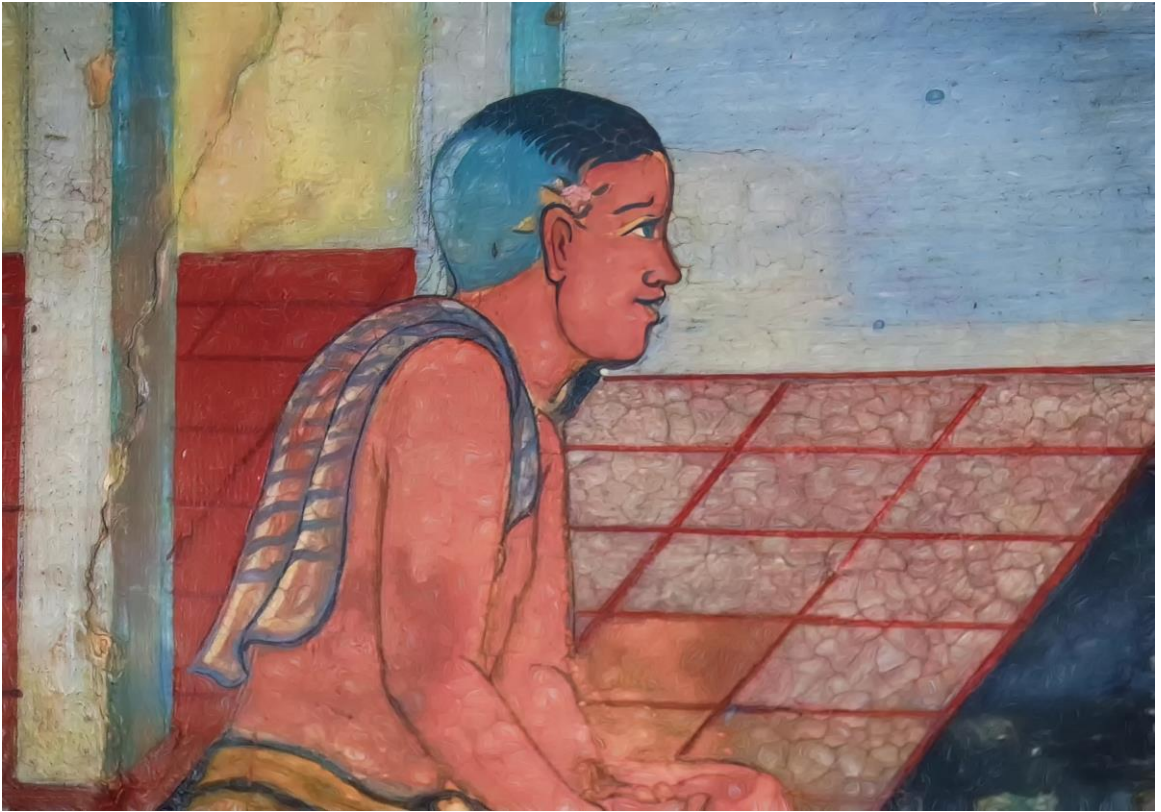




of WOKEsters and someday, future sociologists might be able to trace this movement back to its roots and declare him to be the grand-daddy or maybe, the Godfather of the whole WOKE Movement.

Anytime, any of the management team would try to talk with him; he would immediately file a complaint with the HR Office against the manager as





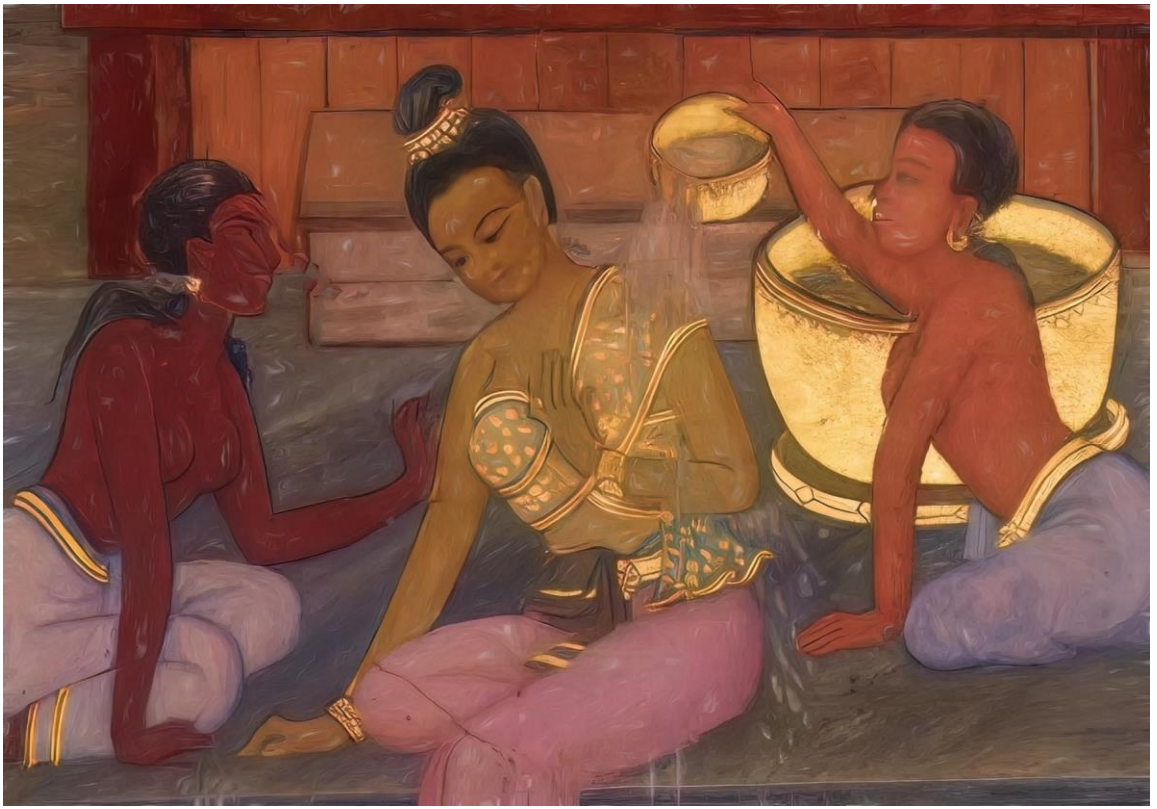
being, saying or in acting in a racist manner that made him feel like less of a man (in those days, there were only two genders).
One time, a senior manager had said "Good Morning" in passing to the Right Reverend and within an hour he was called into the HR Office to explain the ten-page complaint against him for his racist comments





agreement was that it was not to actual term or phrase but, it was in the actual the tone of the manager saying the phrase as he interpreted it to be some form of "Master to Slave" relationship implied.

Of course, the HR Office even thought that this was somewhat over the top WOKE and dismissed it but, not before the manager learned the





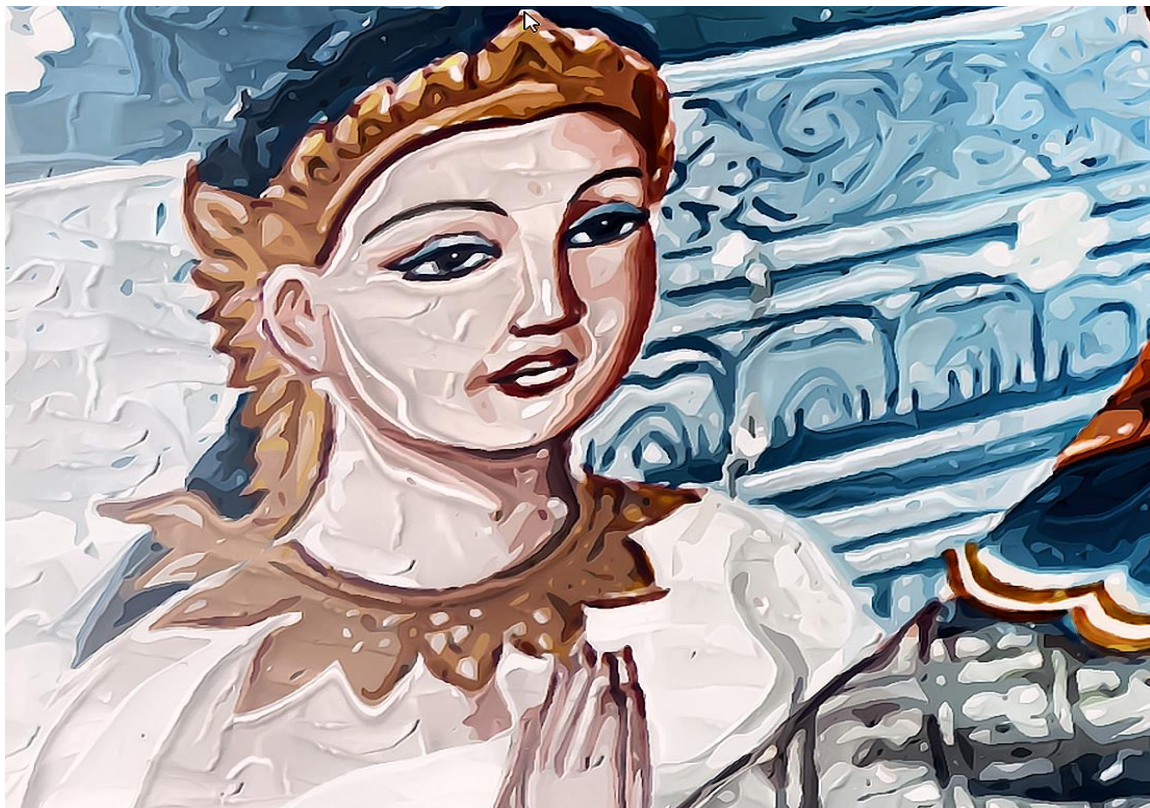
true message that the Right Reverend had sent him and he would (from that point on) go seriously out of his way to avoid even indirect contact to the point of running out the front door if he saw the Reverend coming down the hallway. I can FREELY talk about all this as they are all dead now (I am the last man standing of that generation)





having died (I submit) due to the evilness of their misdeeds and how they focused solely upon their own benefit without the slightest concern to make an effort to help the unemployed assigned to them get back on track and start a new (better) life for themselves and their families.

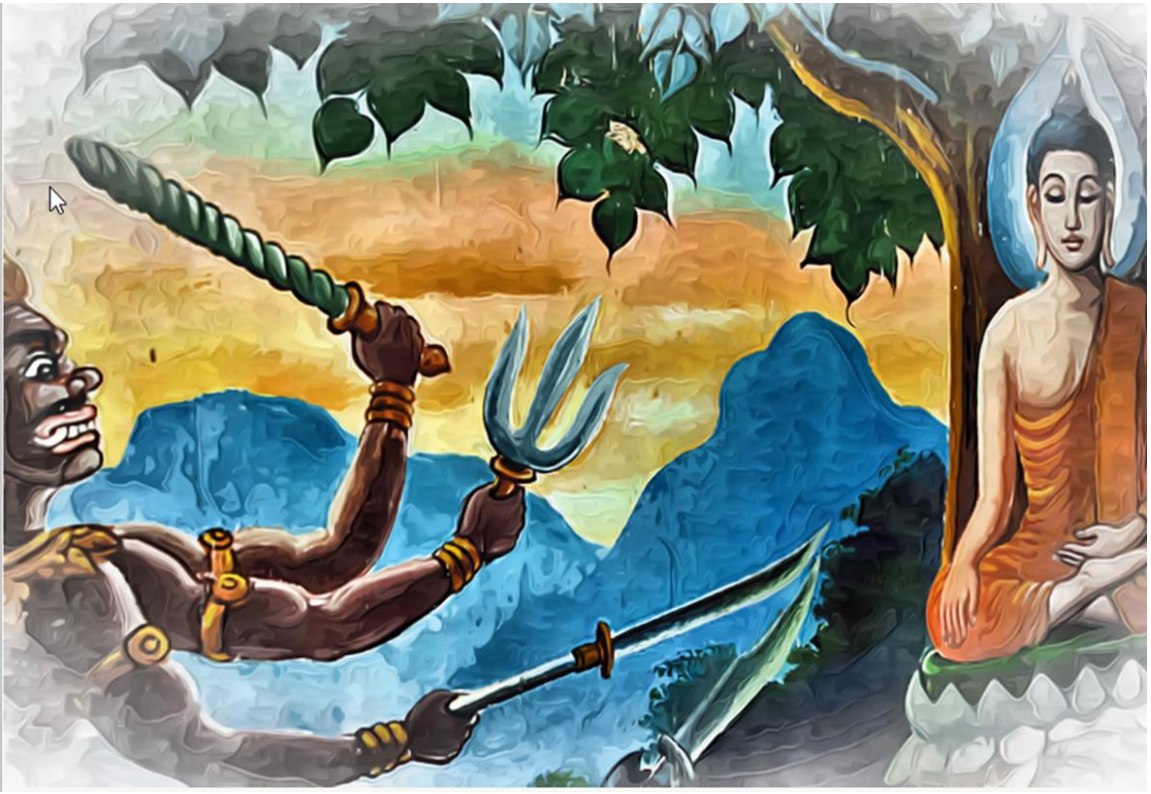
Some might speculate and I would not





disagree or dismiss that I am still above ground in no large part due to the fickleness of Old Lady Luck and her pit bull's (Karma) sense of rightful justice and how the fact that I never joined the cult of the Civil Servant was well documented. Who know? I don't and I don't see a need to make a new issue with either her or her rather mean pitbull over

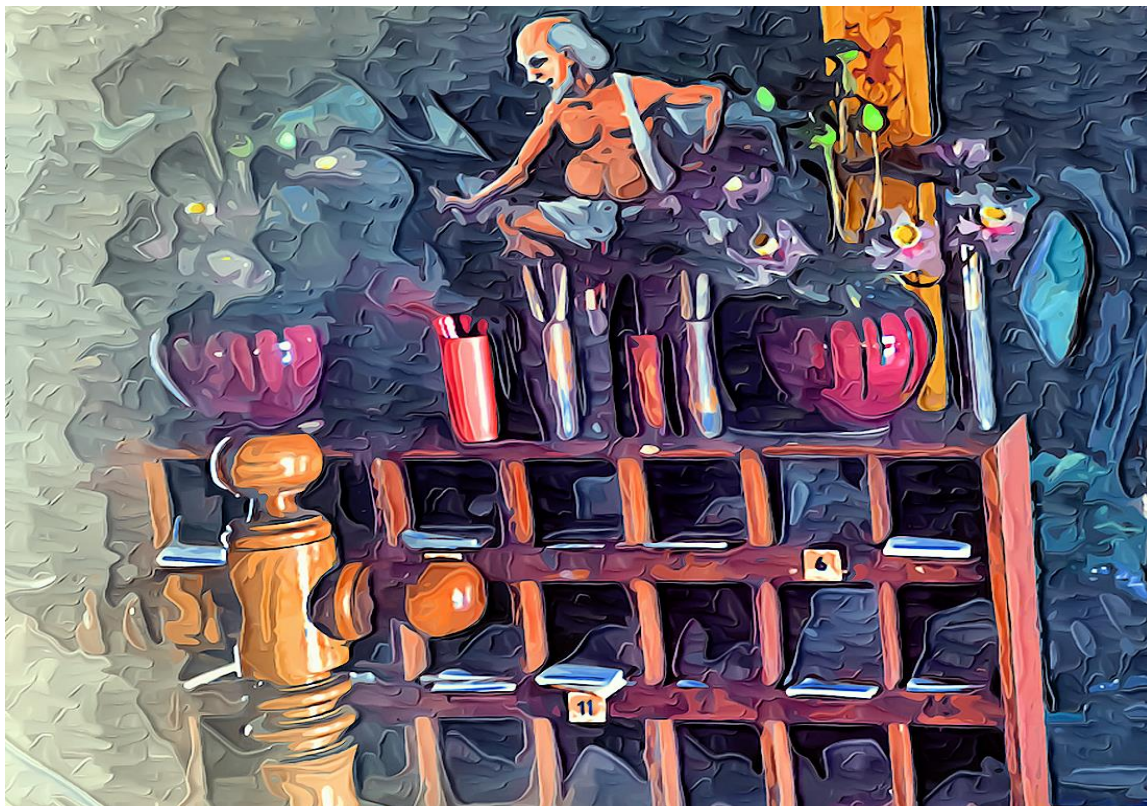




events that happened so long ago and where the other parties are all dead.

No need to revisit it!

Maybe, Seine was right and these dead dogs should be left to rot and if the Navajo Indians are correct in their belief that by remembering them, calling out their name; we give them a better life in the afterwards or a chance to become undead (like



Emil

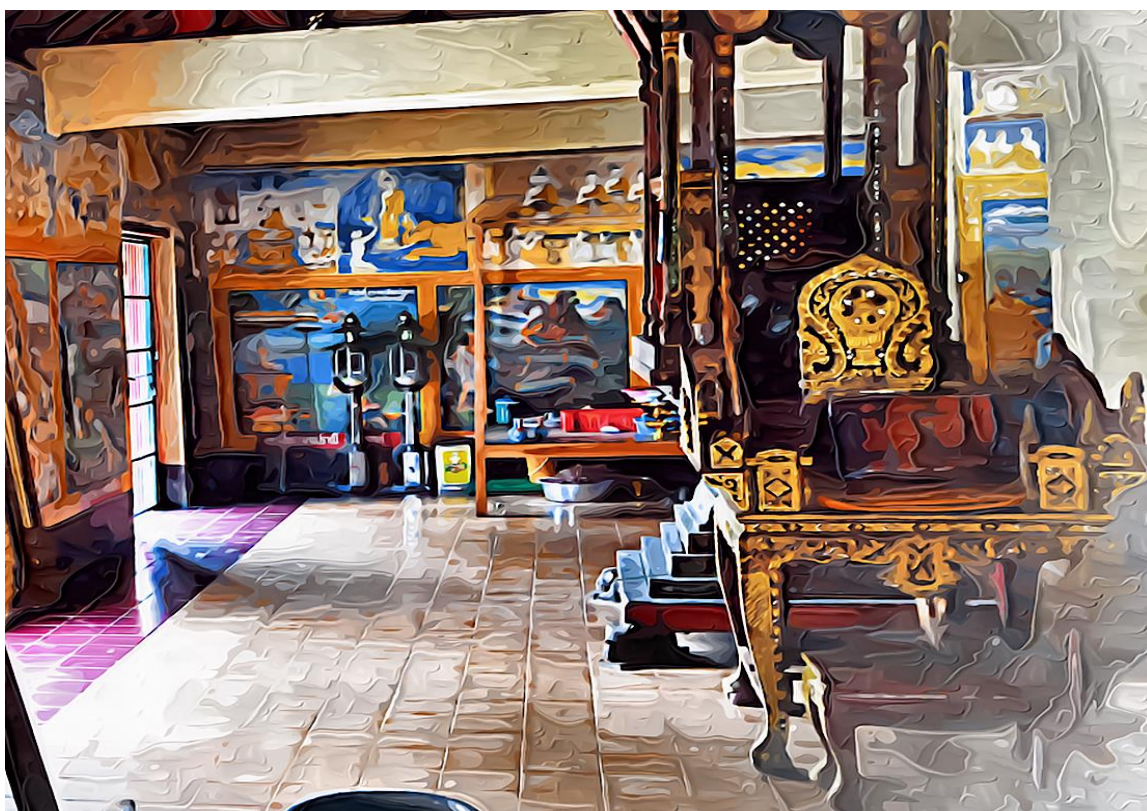


saying Beetlejuice three times - you saw what happened with that!). The world is a much better place with them gone and I must admit that there is a very short list of the gone that I would be willing to test the "Beetlejuice" Theory on and out of those...I would need to think about it as there are more than a few on this list that I still owe money too.





No need to have the sight of those
dearly departed hammering on my
front door wanting to know:
"Where is the twenty dollars you
borrowed from me???"
Several of my little CCP Buddies with
the Hong Kong Branch of the CCP
Thought Police had a good suggestion
that offered that I play them with
what they call dead money.

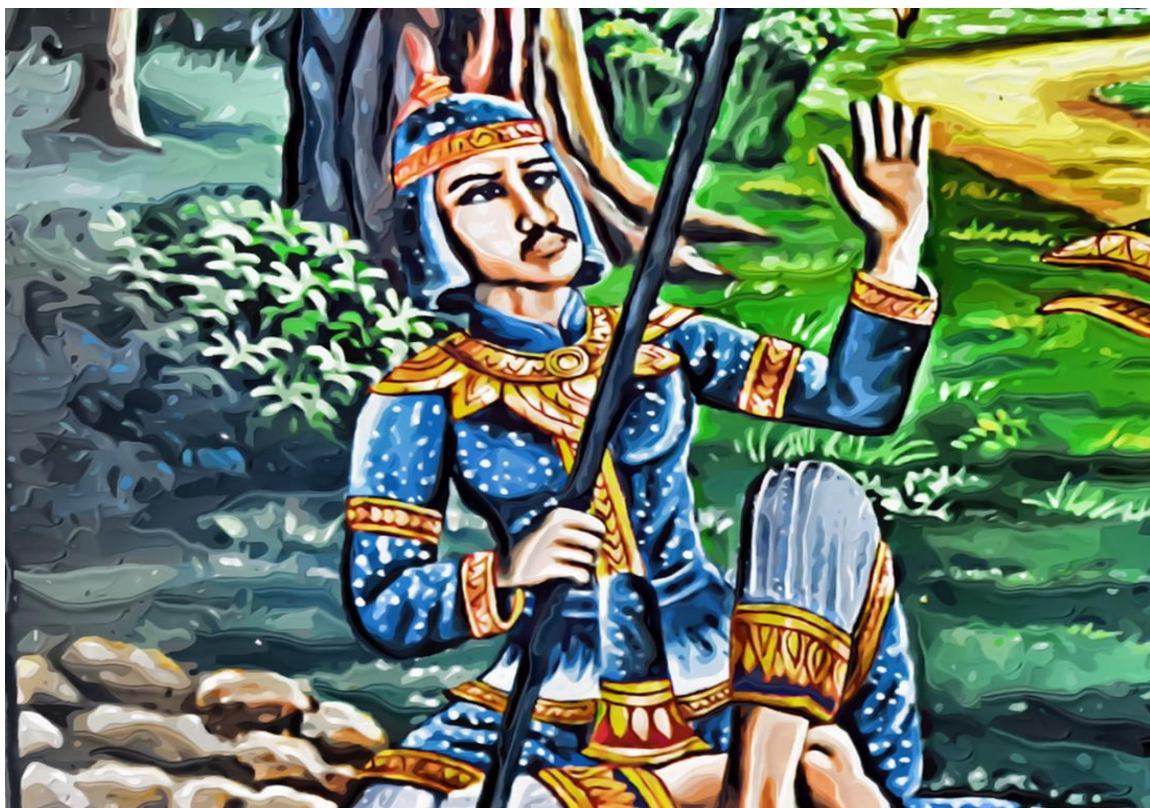


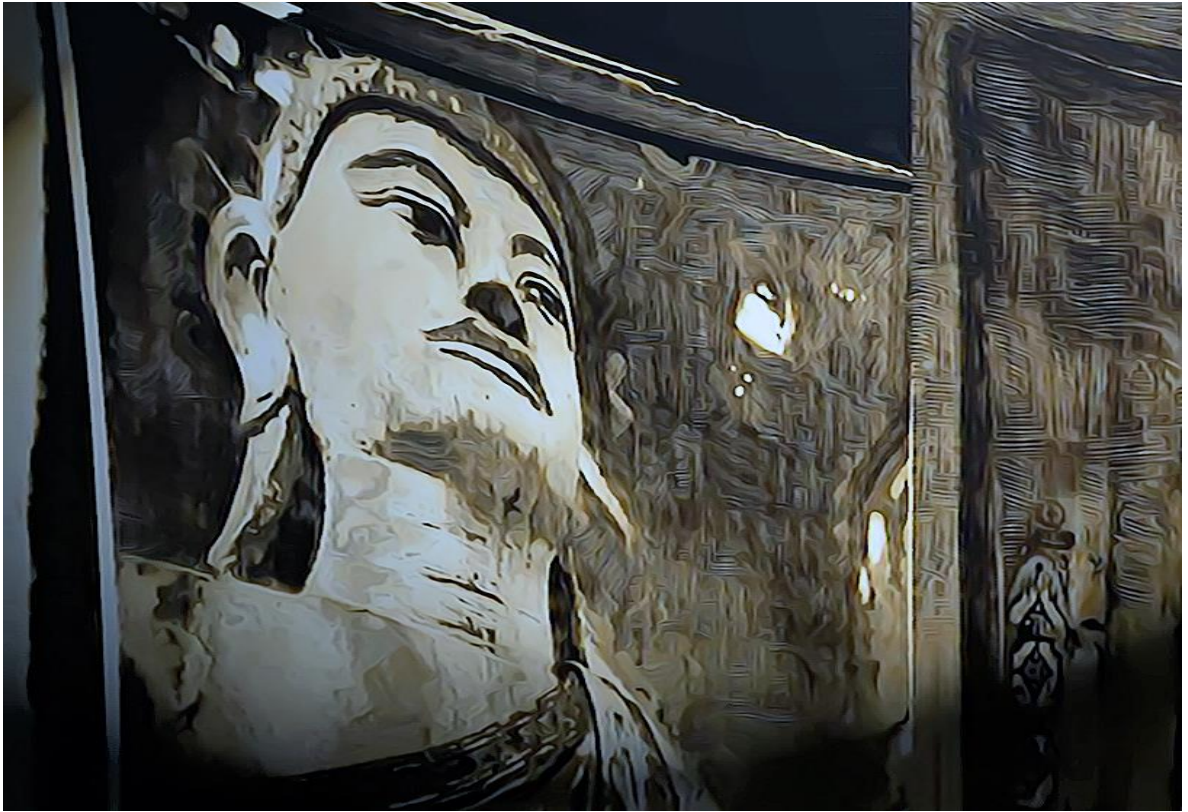


Dead Money?

Sounds weird but, seems in their culture it is fake money that can be used as standard form of currency for paying off the dead.

Sounds like a workable solution but, I do wonder what the actual exchange rate is and if it flexes like the USD not to mention my concern that the Treasury Department's Special

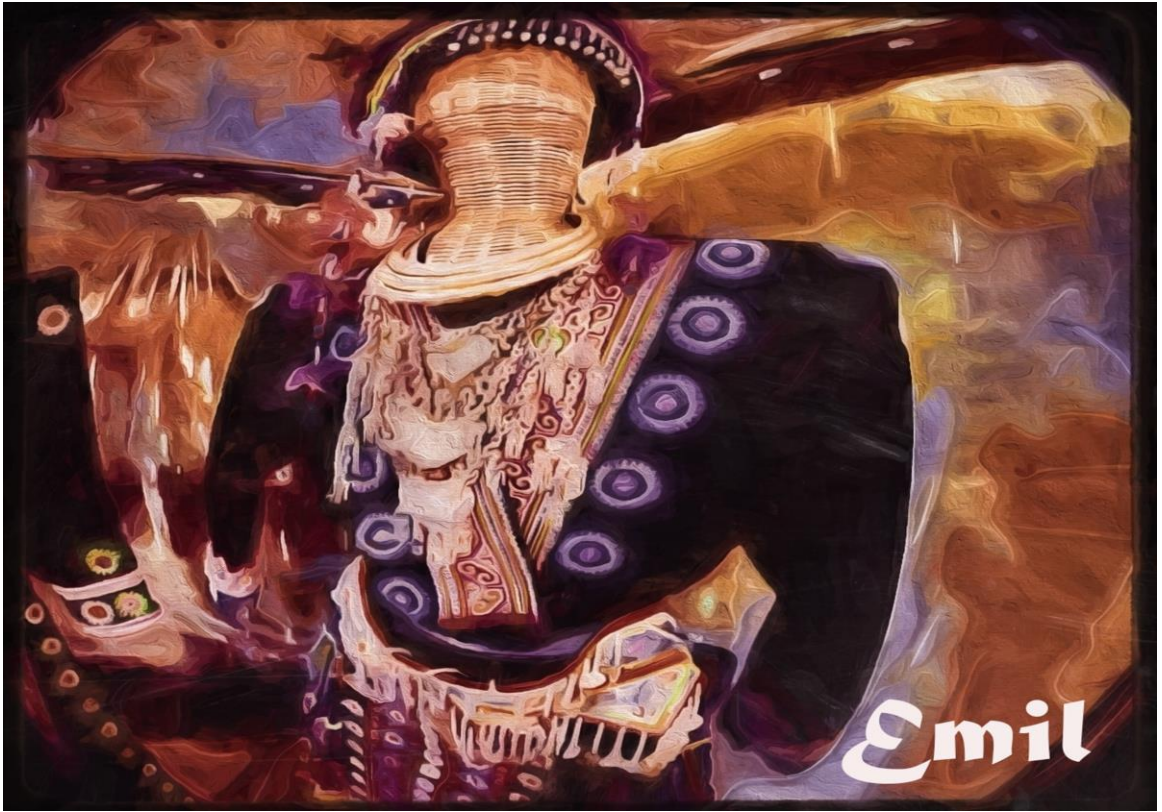




Agents might start showing up at my door like when I tried a similar experiment of trying to cash all those Donald Trump \$500 USD bills that I tried to exchange back in Central Asia a few years back.

All things consider; I just made a note to never say anyone's name three times (dead or alive) and move on to new ventures and venues unfettered.





Chiang Mai seems to be a city that has lost its way in modern times, it is confused as it transforms itself from a sleep town of ruined pagodas, a good university and what had once been a launching point for further adventures deep into the high, misty teak covered mountains, lost river valleys and rouge adventurers seeking lost temples of golden idols





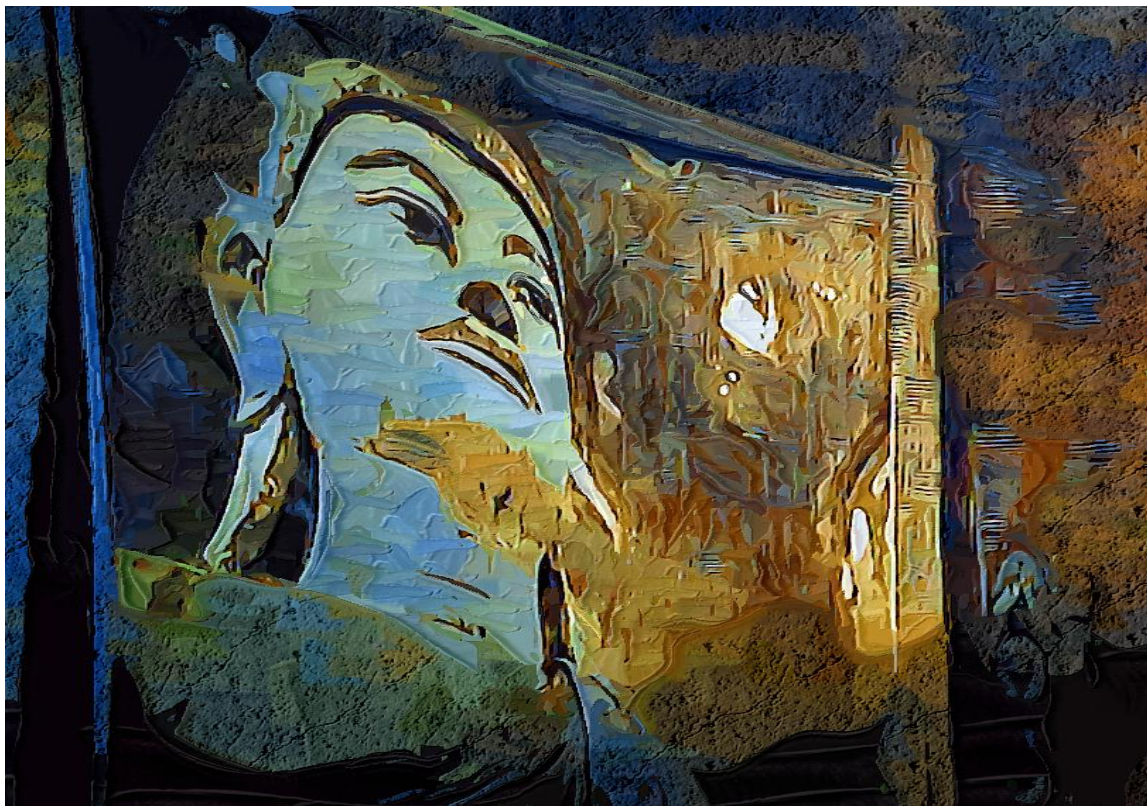
mixed with more than a few old Japs who through denial and refusing to accept the unbearable sin of surrender still haunt the remote, back river caves continuing the fight in the name of an now long dead Emperor; into becoming just another big industrial, sprawling, smog-ridden economic hub of advancing urban plight and capitalism.





One thing is for sure, this shall never revert back to being a role model for the Ahrimanic 15-minute cities of the Western Nations that it might have been almost 50-years ago.

I find myself (these days) lost, confused and frantic as I try to retrace my former days only to find that Tom Wolfe (as badly as I hate to admit to) made a good point that



Emil

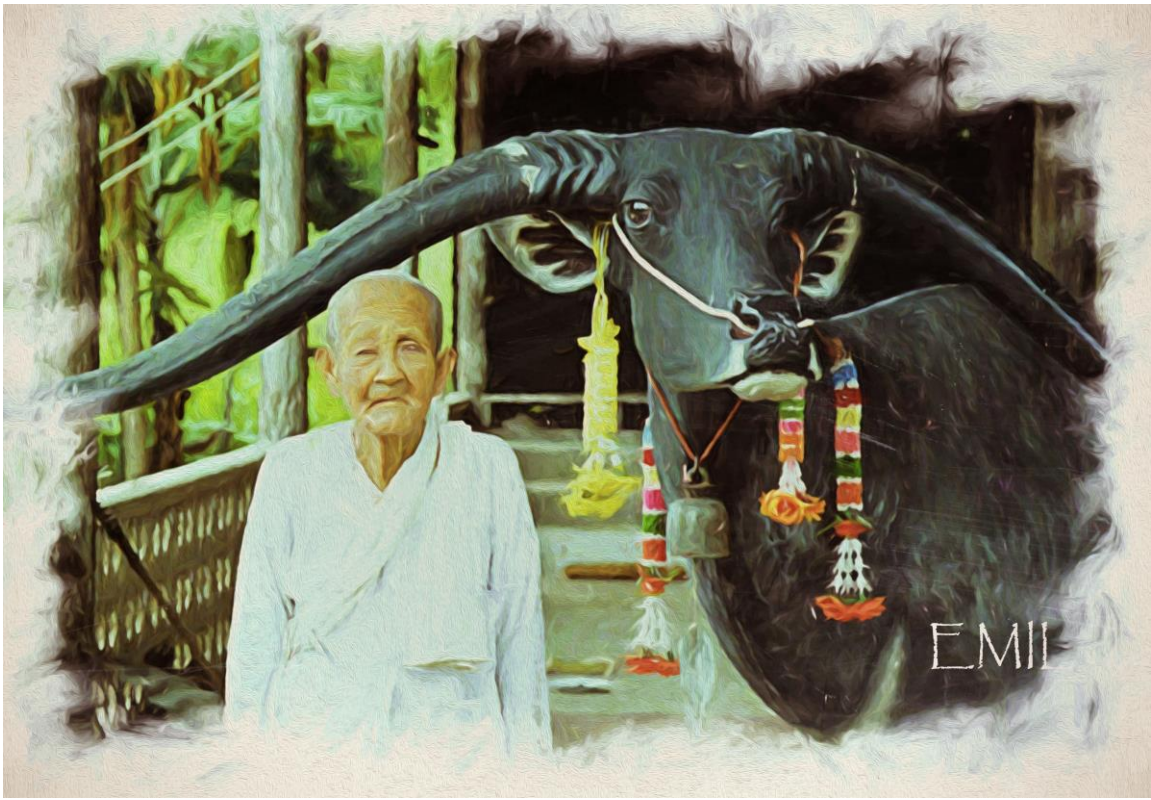


"You can never go home!"

When I was younger, this made no sense about not being able to "go home" as all you needed to do was get in your car and drive right over there.

Seems that like many of my generation of open borders, free travel and access to some of the most advanced vehicles failed to understand that home was not a location but, a point in time or a





strongly held memory of how things were back then populated by an assortment of characters that have long since moved on.

In this way, Tommy got it right as we can not duplicate that moment or sustain that memory without a massive use of AI, magical witchcraft or a primo Hollywood production team.



Emil



If you understand what I just said...if that make logical sense then, you can feel the vertigo of my mental anguish and share the sadness from having to agree with old Tommy Boy.

The dilemma is the deal breaker here in having to decide that everything...that everyone moves on or will I elect to go join those old Japs and deny the truth of what everything





has become! What would you do?
Would you follow the path of Ahriman's
vast legion of WOKEsters who yelled
out in a chanting mantra as they beat
me that "Truth is a lie unless Ahriman's
Ministry of Truth approves the lie then
it becomes the truth."
Rather a difficult concept and point to
follow as you are getting beaten but
still I do remember it well.

Emil



Emil





The simple solution would have been to not return and to do exactly what Tommy warned us in his advice to never try going home and I can testify that all I achieved was the destruction of some of my longest, dearest memories that are now (forever) polluted by the realities that time have imposed upon the frailness of human existence. I would dare say that this duly messes





with the mind of a CIS Human but unlike Ahriman's Transhumanists, we CIS Humans do have a higher level of biological ability to mutate our thought process and thus, evolve ourselves to a vantage point far beyond any true need of old, outdated memories - if we elect too.

Transhumanists of the first generation models even though their mental



Emil

Emil

process is/was (at one point) human, they are far too programmed to allow self deleting of these random codes. The Transhumanist Manufacturing and Maintenance Company's (Skynet) marketing reps just recently addressed this in a press conference that this is being worked on by AI Engineers to allow for self-maintenance of operation codes which would include the deletion

Emil



Emil





of random, broken codes and programming while still maintaining a core continuation link to the original consistence of the CIS Donor.

DAMN!!!
Foiled AGAIN
by those GOF
Zombie
Samples from
that clown Emil!



REDEMPTION DENIED



Emil's
HOBOTOURS 1957

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Emil's
HOBOTOURS 1957

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Emil West

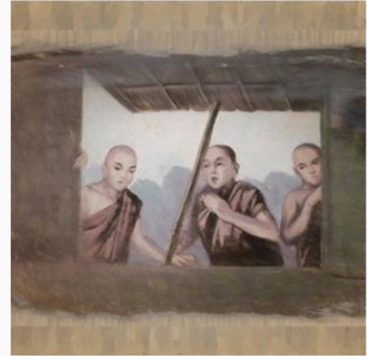
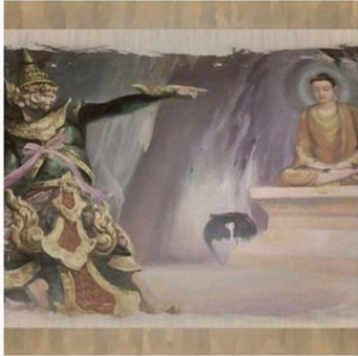
I'm just a corporate sharecropper, the poor artist at the wrong end of the money stick!

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POSTS

SAVED

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"Watercolours in the Rain"

THE IRON BELL TOLLS



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THE IRON BELL TOLLS



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"The Blue Plate Special"

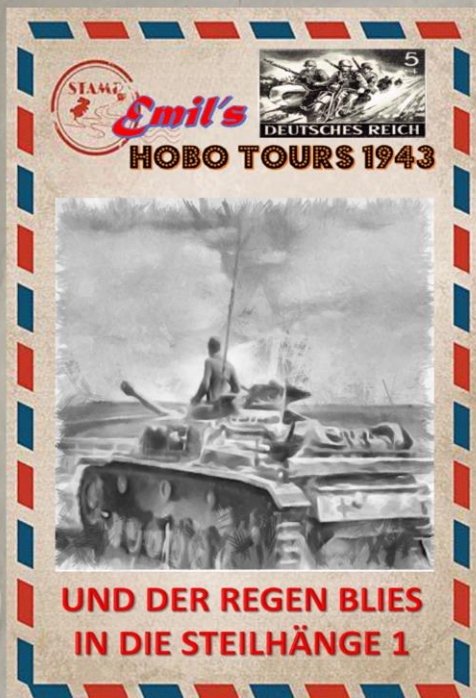


HOBOTOURS
SUMMER 2022

"The Blue Plate Special"



HOBOTOURS
SUMMER 2022



我们都躺下了！



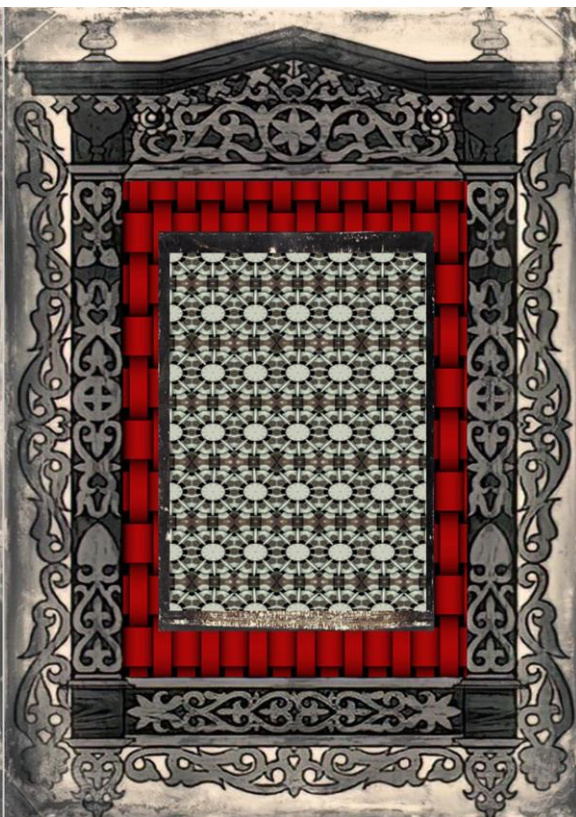
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我今天读新闻

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"I Read the News Today"
我今天读新闻

"The老刀商微微一笑，预言到溪水成熟，雨水充沛，就会发生变化。当风吹得很冷，寒冷，曾经新的爱现在已经变老了。"

The old knife merchant smiled slightly, predicting that when the stream matures and the rain is abundant, changes will occur. When the wind blows cold and cold, what was once new love is now old.





Emil West

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